WELCOME MOTHER.

Welcome, mother ! now I greet thee—
  Can I all my feelings tell !
How this heart has long'd to meet thee,
  Since my lips breathed out, "Farewell !
Welcome, mother ! while I press thee
  Fondly to my youthful heart,
Every word I speak will bless thee,
  While I know how dear thou art.

Welcome, mother ! I have often
  Traced thine image in my dreams ;
Memory's touch the spell would soften,
  Dressing life in golden beams.
Lone, forsaken--'midst the smiling,
  Longing for some absent one,
I have stood--one thought beguiling :
  'Twas the thought of thee, alone.

Welcome, mother ! life's before me,
  Days of sunshine and of tears ;
Yet, with thy fond guidance o'er me,
  Joy may smile in after years ;
I have cherish'd—dearly cherish'd
  All the lessons given me ;
Every prayer my bosom nourish'd,
  Has been fraught with love to thee.

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